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DEADPOOL

#35

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SECRETS BENEATH THE SKIN!

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60 YEARS OF SUPER HEROES

YOU SON OF A...

WHUMP

...AND, YES, I DID MEAN TO SAY, "SON OF A WHUMP."

LET ME OUT! I'VE GOTTA SAVE HER!

LET ME OUTTA HERE OR I'LL KILL --

-- MPGHH GTHLLRR!!

AUGHHHHH!

Y'KNOW...

...I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...

...BUT I'LL BET IT'S NOT GOOD...

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

DEADPOOL

• Chapter X Verse Two •

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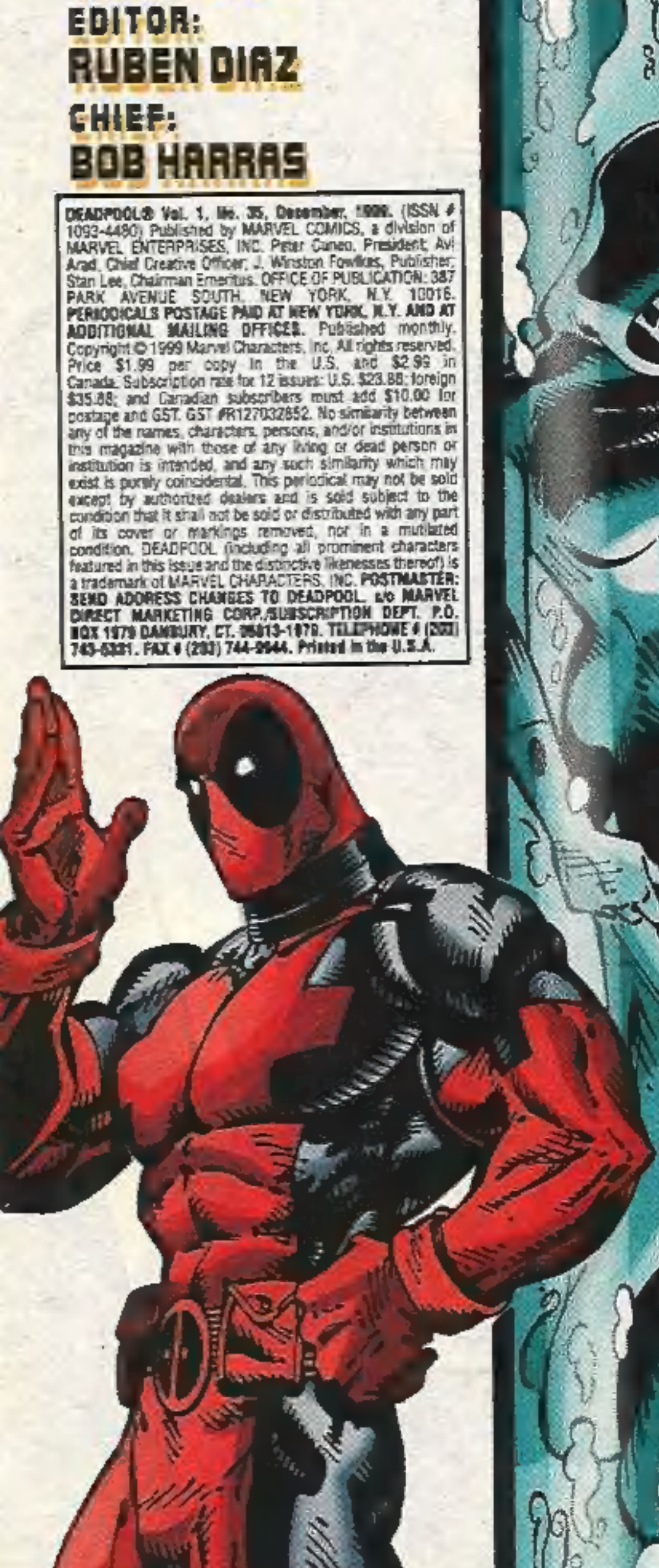

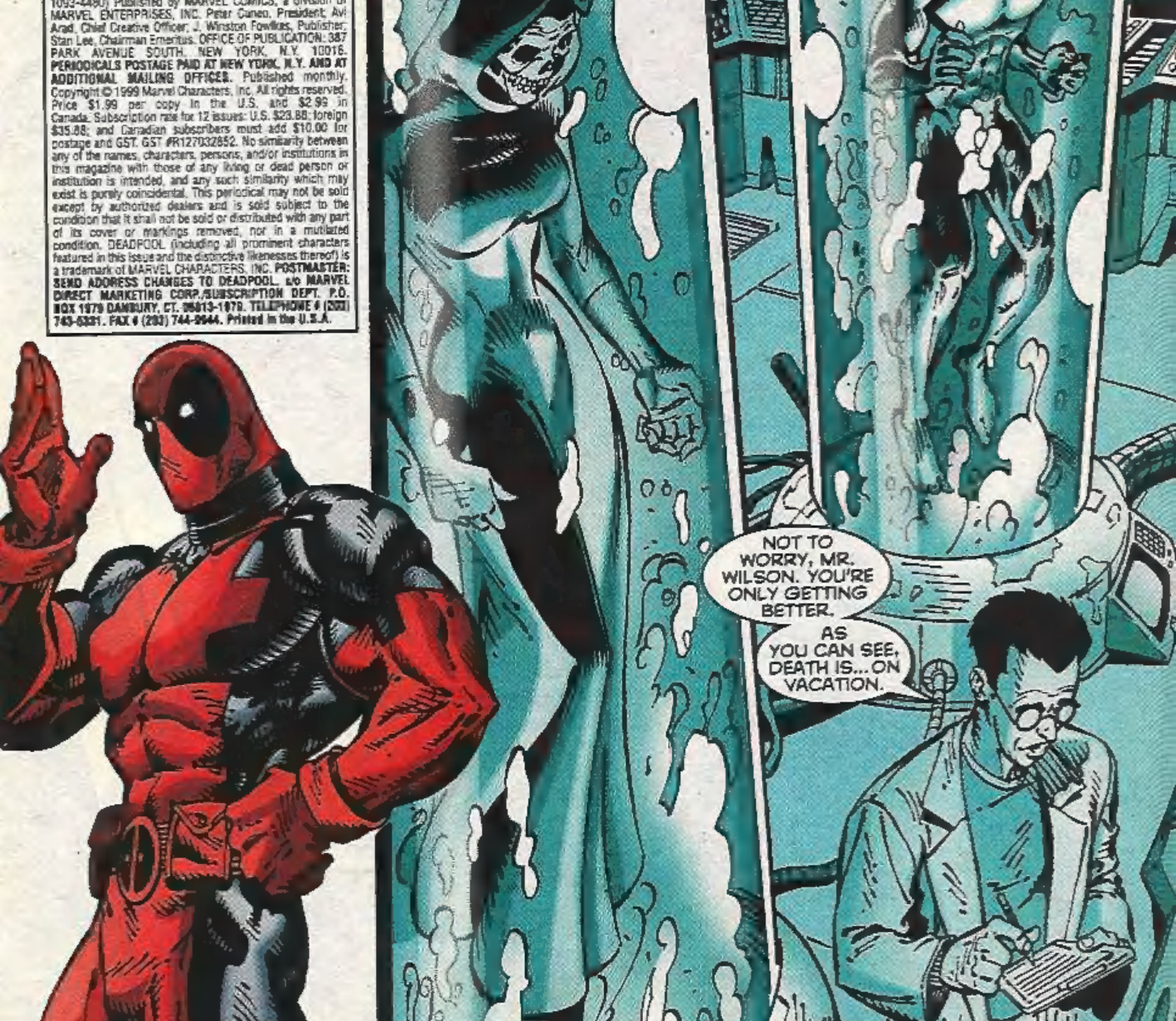

CHEEZ... DEATH LOOKS... WELL... DEAD.

AND I MEAN THAT IN A BAD WAY.

WHY DO YOU WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT HER --?

HOW CAN YOU FORM AN EMOTIONAL ATTACHMENT TO AN ABSTRACT CONCEPT? A CHILDISH PERSONIFICATION OF A NATURAL TRANSITORY STATE.

DEATH IS NOT A PERSON. IT IS A CHANGE OF STATUS.

AND NOT NEARLY THE MOST TRAUMATIC ONE.

SHE'S MUCH MORE THAN THAT, EGGHEAD --

--DEATH AND I... ARE FRIENDS. ©

IT'S TOO COMPLEX AND PART OF OLD CONTINUITY, SO LET'S SKIP IT AND GET ON TO THE PART WHERE YOU EXPLAIN --

-- WHY MY HEAD IS MADE OF RUBBER?!

I ALREADY TOLD YOU, DEADPOOL --

© SEE THE DEADPOOL & DEATH '98 ANNUAL --ROO

-- AS A RESULT OF YOUR RECENT TRAUMA, YOUR BODY CHEMISTRY HAS BROKEN DOWN.

YOU ARE NO LONGER FLESH AND BLOOD SO MUCH AS YOU ARE --

SNOT-MAN.

-- BETTER. EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN BEFORE...

REALLY? THEN WHY CAN'T I SAVE HER? OR EVEN MYSELF?

AND EVEN IF I DO GET OUTTA HERE... WHAT'S NEXT FOR ME?

THIS REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER TIME WHEN I WAS FULL OF QUESTIONS... BACK BEFORE I WORKED FOR KINGPIN...

I'D BEEN OUT OF THE WEAPON X PROJECT FOR MAYBE A MONTH OR TWO...

I WAS FREELANCING -- A TOTALLY JACKED-UP WAY TO MAKE A LIVING. TAKING ONE RAT-FACED JOB AFTER ANOTHER JUST TO PAY THE RENT.

I WAS ON A ROUTINE SNATCH-AND-CROAK WHEN MY LIFE CHANGED FOREVER...

Y'KNOW, SISTER...

...YOU'D MAKE THIS A WHOLE LOT EASIER IF YOU'D STOP SQUIRMING --

-- AND BREAKING WIND --

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT YOUR WORK WITH THE EAST SIDE MOB. MY NAME IS PAUL AND THAT'S BETWEEN Y'ALL.

WHAT I DO KNOW IS I'M SIX WEEKS LATE ON MY MASTERCARD, SO, HEY --

-- NO HARD FEELINGS, HUH?

GOTTA TELL YA, THOUGH -- THIS STUFF GETS SO ROUTINE, Y'KNOW?

AND, DOIN' THE LONG DIVISION, I'M LOOKIN' AT A LIFETIME OF PUTTIN' OUT THE TRASH.

THE WEAPON X PROGRAM GAVE ME ENHANCED ABILITIES WHILE DISFIGURING ME JUST A TAD...

...AND, NOW THAT I'M ON MY OWN, I'M JUST TREADING WATER --

-- KINDA LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO.

SERIOUSLY, SISTER --

-- THERE MUST BE MORE TO LIFE THAN THIS, RIGHT? I MEAN, LIFE CAN'T BE JUST A PAYCHECK.

AH -- LESSEE --

-- "TRACY: BECAUSE YOU OPENED YOUR BIG MOTH AND FORCED US INTO HIDING --"

"MOTH"?

YOU OPENED YOUR "MOTH"?

'ZAT WHAT IT SAYS HERE?

AND, HEY -- THIRD LINE DOWN -- IS THAT AN "A" --?

ANYWAY, AS I WAS SAYING, I JUST FEEL LIKE...

...I DUNNO, SISTER, LIKE THERE SHOULD BE MORE, SOMEHOW.

THESE POWERS -- MY HEALING FACTOR AND ENHANCED STRENGTH --

-- THEY SHOULD MEAN SOMETHING, RIGHT?

SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST ICING GUYS -- AND NUNS -- I'VE NEVER EVEN MET BEFORE.

...

...YOU TALK TO GOD, RIGHT? I MEAN, YOU BELIEVE IN SOMETHING.

WONDER WHAT THAT'S LIKE.

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I EVEN KNEW MY OWN NAME.

I WAS A MERC -- A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

I GOT CANCER, AND VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS WEAPON X PROGRAM IN CANADA.

THE TREATMENTS GOT RID OF THE CANCER WHILE GIVING ME A HEALING FACTOR AND ENHANCED ABILITIES.

GOT RID OF MY LIFE, TOO.

I'VE BEEN WANDERIN' AROUND FROM ONE GIG TO THE NEXT EVER SINCE I BUSTED OUT OF WEAPON X. MAYBE...

...AW, CRIPES, MAYBE I JUST TRADED ONE CANCER FOR ANOTHER...

...I DUNNO, SISTER --

-- WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THENSH MKNMSJ QPTLV! BSHLRP QJKSMHN WTTN!

RIGHT. LIKE YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT.

PARDON THE INTERRUPTION --

--?! WHERE THE AU JUS DID YOU COME FROM --?!

IRRELEVANT. I HAVE BEEN OBSERVING YOU ALL EVENING. I AM IN NEED OF MEN OF SPECIAL TALENTS. YOU MAY BE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR.

ALWAYS MAKES ME NERVOUS WHEN I HEAR THAT FROM A GUY.

I MEAN DOES THIS GIG INVOLVE EITHER BELL BOTTOMS AND/OR MOTORCYCLES --?

MEET ME AT WAREHOUSE C-17 ON PIER 20. FOUR A.M.

I BELIEVE I MAY PROVIDE THE ANSWERS YOU SEEK.

"HE SAID AS HE LEAPT OFF A BRIDGE."

I DUNNO, SISTER -- WHAT DO YOU THINK--?

THRWF KSLY MSFPH TRSLK --!

GOOD POINT.

FEH. THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, SISTER.

SCRAM. SKEE-DADDLE. VAMOOSE. ASTA LASAGNA. GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY.

HIT THE RO --

BLLAAMM

Y'KNOW, I JUST NOTICED...

...THAT NUN HAD A MOUSTACHE.

SLIGHT TACTICAL ERROR --

-- FOR WHICH I, SERENDIPITOUSLY, HAVE A REMEDY.

AND THEN YOU SHOT HER --?

RIGHT, LIKE YOU'RE ACTUALLY PAYING ATTENTION.

SURE I AM.

ALL OF THIS BACKSTORY IS EXTREMELY USEFUL TO ME. HELPS ME UNDERSTAND YOU BETTER.

GLAD I COULD HELP -- WHO DO YOU WORK FOR--?!

I AM...AN INDEPENDENT CONTRACTOR. MUCH LIKE YOURSELF.

YOU'RE NOTHING LIKE ME --! AND YOU'RE MORE THAN SOME MOPE IN A LAB COAT --

-- IF YOU'VE MANAGED TO BEAT DEATH! C'MON -- LET THE LI'L GAL GO --

-- I MEAN, WHAT DID DEATH EVER DO TO YOU?!

IT'S...A LONG STORY.

AND, SPEAKING OF WHICH, DID YOU MEET THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AT HIS WAREHOUSE?

WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU?

SO YOU CAN LULL ME INTO LETTING MY GUARD DOWN FOR YOUR INEVITABLE ESCAPE ATTEMPT?

GOOD ANSWER. OKAY, YEAH -- I WENT TO THE WAREHOUSE...

...AND ENDED UP WITH A NEW GIG

BWOOOM BWOOOM

BWOOOM BWOOOM

HAHAHAHAHAHA!

FLEE IN TERROR, CRETINS, BEFORE THE UNBRIDLED WRATH OF...

...THE HOBGOBLIN!

THE BOARD MEMBERS OF THIS AIRPORT HAVE REFUSED TO BOW TO MY DEMANDS!

THEREFORE, THIS AIRPORT... AND EVERYONE IN IT —

— MUST PAY THE PRESS!

MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

YOU'VE BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELVES!

TIME TO CASH IN ON THOSE FREQUENT FLYER MILES!

HAHAHAHAHA!

THE SARLACC!

...MENTAL NOTE... NEXT TIME: *BOXERS*...

BLEEP BLEEP

--?! FRAPPIN' PAGER...

CHAK CHAK CHAK

BRR... BRRR... BRRR...

BRR... BRRR... CLIK...

YEAH, IT'S ME. WHAT?

UH-HUH.

UH-HUH. ARE YOU SURE?

EXCUSE ME... ...WHICH AIRPORT IS THIS --?

UH-HUH.

UH-HUH.

HOLONNASEC...

LET'S JUST SAY MY STINT AS ONE OF THE HOBGOBLIN'S DECOYS WAS SHORT-LIVED...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN --?

I WAS WHERE YOU SAID TO GO — WAREHOUSE C-20 ON PIER 17!

ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS STUPID, OR IS THIS SOMETHING SPECIAL?

IT WAS WAREHOUSE C-17 ON PIER 20! LOOK --

-- EVEN A CHILD COULD FIND HIS WAY TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

STARGATE TO DORMAMMU'S REALM

ELECTRO'S LAIR

HYDRA REGIONAL OFFICE

MANDARIN'S RING STORAGE

TASKMASTER'S SECRET VILLAIN ACADEMY

MYSTERIO'S HIDEOUT

HOBGOBLIN DECOY RECRUITMENT CENTER

THEN MAYBE THINK ABOUT HIRIN' ONE, MISTER --

-- MISTER --?

I AM --

-- THE *WIZARD.*

SORRY.

NOTHING.

THE WIZARD OVVV --?

FROM THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR, YOU DOLT.

THE PASTE GUY! THE PASTE GUY!

NO. I AM NOT "THE PASTE GUY."

THAT WOULD BE MY ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE, THE TRAPSTER.

MY COLLEAGUES AND I HAVE COME TO A... PARTING OF WAYS.

I BELIEVE YOUR SPECIAL ABILITIES MAY INDEED QUALIFY YOU FOR THE NEW TEAM.

AND, THROUGH US, YOU MAY INDEED FIND YOUR TRUE CALLING.

OH --

-- AND, IT'S "PRICE," YOU IDIOT.

NO ONE WILL CARE IF THEY MUST "PAY THE PRESS."

...

I KNEW THAT.

I WAS IMPROVISING.

AND, SO, YOU JOINED THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR --?

WELL... SORTA...

THE WIZARD HAD ALSO RECRUITED TWO OTHER GUYS -- THE CONSTRICTOR AND THE TASKMASTER.

WE LOOK LIKE DUCKS

YES, BUT...

...DUCKS WITH GUNS!

ENOUGH PRATTLING --!

THOSE TRAINING UNIFORMS SERVE A SPECIFIC PURPOSE.

SHOULD YOU SURVIVE THIS TEST MISSION, YOU WILL BE FREE TO DETERMINE YOUR OWN UNIFORM DESIGN.

I KINDA LIKE IT!

HMMMM... "DEATH DUCK"...

'TIS AN INSULT THAT I, THE TASKMASTER AND FOUNDER OF THE CRIME COLLEGE, SHOULD WEAR A "TRAINING UNIFORM" --

HEY. TWO WORDS: "BOXER SHORTS."

SILENCE!

THE WINGLESS WIZARD SHALL BROOK NO MORE PRATTLE FROM THE LIKES OF YOU!

FOOL! THINK YOU THESE FOOLISH DISCS CAN BRING LOW THE TASKMASTER?!

YEAH, BIG HEAD -- -- WHO DIED AND MADE YOU QUEEN BETTY?!

NO -- YOU DOPES --

-- DON'T TOUCH THEM --

-- THAT'S PROBABLY JUST WHAT HE WANTS! THE DISCS ARE SETTING UP A ZERO GRAV FIELD -- DISORIENTING YOU JUST LONG ENOUGH --

-- FOR HIM TO MAKE HIS MOVE!

VERY ASTUTE, MR. WILSON. AS YOUR FELLOW CLASSMATES ARE ABOUT TO LEARN --!

--?! PIXIE DUST--?!

GROUND GLASS, YOU FOOL! AND, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN --

YOU ARE NOT.

LLLLMMM

THE GLASS IN THE "PIXIE DUST" REFRACTS MY OTHERWISE LOW-GRADE LASER MILLIONS OF TIMES!

YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN. WHICH IS WHY I'M THE MASTER HERE --

HAACK

HAACK

HAACK

?!

WHUMMP

OKAY...

...WHAT'D I WIN...?

...WELL... I THOUGHT IT WAS A *CONTEST*, Y'KNOW?

PIN THE *WIZARD* TO THE MAT, WIN A BIG BOWL OF *FLAN*.

I FIGURED THAT RAY GUN HE GAVE ME WAS *RIGGED*, SO I DIDN'T FIRE IT.

AFTER A BRIEF STOP AT THE EMERGENCY ROOM, WE MOVED ON TO THE *REAL* TEST --

-- AT THE *BAXTER BUILDING*.

IN CASE YOU'VE BEEN IN *GUAM* FOR THE LAST DECADE: THIS IS WHERE THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* USED TO LIVE.

I *NEVER* GOT THAT BY THE WAY --

-- WHY THEY'D BE SO *PUBLIC* WITH THEIR *ADDRESS*. I MEAN, CAMPED OUT THERE IN MID-MANHATTAN --

-- THEIR *PHONE NUMBER* LISTED --

-- JUST MADE 'EM *TARGETS* FOR ALL KINDA *NUTS*...

LEMME *'SPLAIN* SOMETHIN' TO YA, RUGRAT --

ONE *MORE* GAG AND I SHOVE YA IN TH' MICROWAVE.

AGAIN.

-GIGGLE!-

WILL *NOT!*

WILL TOO.

I'D NEVER SEEN ANOTHER "SUPER" HERO BEFORE.

I WANTED TO ASK THE GUY FOR HIS *AUTOGRAPH.*

SEEMS SILLY NOW. I MEAN --

-- HERE WAS A GUY WHO'D *FOUND* HIMSELF.

A MAN WHO'D BEEN DISFIGURED AND SHUNNED BY THE PUBLIC --

-- KID, I *PROMISE* YA --

-- ONE *MORE* TIME AND YOU'RE A POP TART --!

SILENCER • ACME 2000

-- BUT HE'D SOMEHOW COME TO *TERMS* WITH THINGS.

I WANTED TO ASK HIM *HOW* HE *DID* IT. BUY THE GUY A BREWSKIE.

INSTEAD, I *SHOT* HIM.

THE BAXTER BUILDING HAD IMPRESSIVE SECURITY SYSTEMS. THE FACT THAT WE MADE IT IN AT *ALL* MADE THAT WIZARD GUY [redacted] *IMPRESSIVE* --

-- SUBTRACT TWO COOL POINTS FOR THE *BIG HAT,* THOUGH...

CAN'T MICROWAVE ME IF YOU CAN'T *CATCH* ME, UNCLE BEN!

-:GIGGLE!:-

BAM!

THE CONSTRICTOR PUMPED 35,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY INTO THE THING WHILE STRANGLING THE LIFE OUT OF THE MAN --

THE TASKMASTER FIRED OFF A WIDE-BAND FOCUSED PARTICLE EXPLOSIVE ARROW --

-- WHICH, IN *ANY* LANGUAGE, MEANT --

-- EXIT, STAGE LEFT!

EH--? *EHHH* --? SEE? TOLD YA. BOXER SHORTS.

STEP TWO: *SNATCH* THE KID.

EXCELLENT. FLAWLESSLY EXECUTED. YES... YOU THREE WILL DO QUITE NICELY.

SLEEP WELL, OLD FRIEND...

...KNOWING HOW *EASILY* THE WINGLESS WIZARD *COULD* HAVE...

...*SHOULD* HAVE DESTROYED YOU.

BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME.

FOR MY VENGEANCE TO BE *COMPLETE* --

AND THE BOY WILL BRING YOU ALL TO *ME* —!

-- THE *ENTIRE* FANTASTIC FOUR MUST BE DEFEATED *EN MASSE.*

I WAS REALLY IMPRESSED BY THE WHOLE IDEA. Y'KNOW... *"HEROES"* AND *"VILLAINS."*

AS THOUGH LIFE ACTUALLY WAS THAT SIMPLE.

-- I WAS A *MERC.* THE HERO OF MY *OWN* STORY.

THE GOOD GUYS WERE THE ONES WITH THE *CHECKBOOK.*

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU *ARRRRE* —

UNCA WADE WON'T LET YOU GIVE HIM THE SLIP *AGAIN,* YOU CUTE LITTLE TWERP.

BUT, SUDDENLY, SOMETHING WAS *DIFFERENT.*

LIKE, ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT *MATTERED* HOW I DEFINED MYSELF.

THE KID'S SHOE —?

KID.

I'D NEVER REALLY THOUGHT OF *MYSELF* AS A VILLAIN —-

C'MON, YOU MOUSY BRAT -- I'M *NOT* GONNA *HURT* YA --

ALL THOSE GUYS WITH TIGHTS.

WHITE HATS AND *BLACK* HATS.

--?! HIS... *JACKET*...

HEY... C'MON, NOW... YOU COULDN'T HAVE...

Y'KNOW... WHERE THE *LINE* WAS.

C'MON...

C'MON, KID -- NOBODY MEANT TO *KILL YOU* --!

CRIPES... SNOT IN A SACK --!

WHAT HAVE WE *DONE* --?!

JUST LIKE THAT, IT SUDDENLY *MATTERED* TO [illegible] WHICH ONE I [illegible]RE...

AND, JUST LIKE THAT, I REALIZED I HAD A *MORAL CODE*. A LINE I *WOULDN'T* CROSS.

THIS IS *JUST* A GAG, KID --

-- Y'KNOW -- SPANDEX AND BOXER SHORTS.

C'MON.

BUY YOU AN !CE CREAM. A FIRE TRUCK. *ANYTHING*.

JUST -- *BE* ALL R!GHT --

NONE OF THIS HAS *ANYTHING* TO DO WITH LITTLE KIDS *DYING!*

WHO *ARE* YOU --?!

--?! KID?!

THANK GOD YOU'RE ALL --

-- MY, THAT'S AN AWFULLY BIG GUN YOU HAVE THERE...

SQUEEAACK

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS IN LIFE YOU WISH YOU COULD EDIT OUT.

KA-THOOM

-- BY ANOTHER.

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

FOLLOWED, ODDLY ENOUGH --

WHAAMM BOW

KEERAKK

THE WIZARD UNDERESTIMATED HOW MUCH FORCE IT WOULD TAKE TO K.O. THE THING. WHUPS.

SO? WHO WON?

AW, DOC, I GAVE AS GOOD AS I GOT...

IS THAT *REALLY* WHAT HAPPENED?

...

-- WELL -- MAYBE IT WAS MORE LIKE --

GET *BACK* HERE, YA DUCK-LOOKIN' --

MY "TEAMMATES" HAD *SPLIT*, THE REST OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR WAS ON THE WAY --

-- SEEMED LIKE THE THING TO DO...

ANY OTHER INSPIRING TALES YOU WANT TO SHARE WITH ME --?

JUST ONE --

-- IT'S CALLED... "THE EGGHEAD WHO GOT HIMSELF WHACKED!"

THE NEW, IMPROVED SUGAR-FREE DEADPOOL!
PLUS
MORE FUN WITH BULLSEYE!

DEADLINES

FRANK DUNKERLEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

RUBEN DIAZ
EDITOR

BOB HARRAS
CHIEF

Hi, folks, and welcome to another outstanding edition of Deadlines, the DEADPOOL letters page. The reason we're not getting right into your letters is that we are pleased to announce a very special guest this letters page. So without further ado we present the one and only, DEADPOOL.

THANK YOU, THANK Y-- HEY, WHERE'S THE THEME FROM SHAFT LIKE I REQUESTED?

Oh, we didn't think you were serious. We just thought that no one else would hear it so —

OK, SOCRATES, REMEMBER YOUR BRUCE LEE AND "DON'T THINK . . . FEEL."

Wow, that's great, I love that movie. Remember when Bruce did that whole "boards don't hit back" thing?

THE LETTERS, MARTIAL ART BOY, THE LETTERS.

Oh, right — now, on to some letters.

Dear Deadheads at Marvel,

Out pops another blast from the past eager to hurt 'Pool both mentally and physically. I mean, first Ajax, then Mercedes, now T-Ray. Geeezzz! . . . when is Deadpool gonna get a break? Although, I must say that I love each new exciting encounter from dead issue to dead issue.

Hey! When will we see the return of Bullseye? I like the love/hate relationship between him and Deadpool. Will we be seeing him anytime in the near future?

Before I close, I just want to say thank you to Kelly and Co. for leaving us thirty-three wacky issues. However, it would make my Deadpool reading dreams come true if one day real, real, real soon, Deadpool 'ports himself down to the bayou and teams up with everyone's favorite alternative to cayenne pepper . . . (no, not Ginger Spice)

. . . the raging Cajun . . . the one and only – Gambit! Pretty please.

Violet Marie
(Address withheld by request)

Well, Violet, since you asked so nicely, we'll see what we can do.

SEE WHAT WE CAN DO? RIIIIGHT.

Um, I guess we'll check Gambit's schedule and —

GAMBIT!? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GAMBIT, I'M TALKING GINGER SPICE HERE.

Ahem, as for Bullseye, how did you like his appearances in this and our last issue? Do we deliver, or what? I mean, come on, the very same issue? We are just too good.

OK, MR. GOOD, BRING ME MY GINGER!

By the way, how did you like the conclusion of the whole T-Ray saga? Shocking, no? Yeah, we really are good.

GINGER. HELLO?

Well, DEADPOOL's over.

Thanks for a great ride. DP #33 was one heckuva masterpiece. Joe Kelly will be sadly missed; he really did make the character HIS in a remarkably powerful way. No other writer will ever approach the heights of Kelly's Deadpool. And of course we'll also miss the other wacky hangers-on Kelly injected into the book and the Deadpool mythos... Al, Zoe, Ilaney, Mercedes, Patch... everyone. The funniest super hero (well, you know what I mean) book ever, no question. Without Joe, Kelly's DEADPOOL will wither and die.

Thankfully, Christopher Priest's DEADPOOL will grow in its place. Now let me say this: I HATE Priest's writing.

At least, I did until I read BLACK PANTHER. That was enough to persuade me that Priest will do a fantastic job with our "Wade". It won't be the same without Joe, but I'm sure it can be just as good (if in a somewhat Priestier way).

Funny, isn't it, how the writer and penciler who opened DEADPOOL, long since separated, will be reunited over in the competition's Super-office? Not on the same book, I know (bummer!) but still...

Anyhow - thanks for a great 33 issues, and I know the next 33 will rock just as much. And the arrival of that BLACK PANTHER guy should boost sales, too, eh? So hopefully Priest won't have to be jerked around like Joe was.

So: More Al. More Ilaney!! How about a Wade-comforting-silenced-Siryn story? And bring back Mary! And what the heck DOES "C.F." stand for? C'mon, we're beggin' ya!

Until you do something dumb (I know - it won't happen)... Make Mine "Hi, Priest! Pressure? What pressure? You better be as good as Joe!!"
Welcome aboard, CJP.

Bolt Crank
Canberra, Australia

C'MON NOW, PEOPLE. DON'T I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE BOOK -- THE MERC-WITH-THE-MOUTH. HELLO, REMEMBER?

Actually, Deadpool, we think he has the right idea. When new creators come aboard a title the overall feel of the book will be different, but not necessarily is it a step down. Consequently, one type of Deadpool is making way for another.

FINE, BUT IF THAT EVERETT K. ROSS GUY SHOWS UP JUST ONCE, I WILL SHOOT HIM...

Dear Deadlines,

I'm the world's biggest DEADPOOL fan and maybe the world's biggest Marvel fan to boot. After reading the newest issue of DEADPOOL, always on the first Wednesday of each month, I noticed something: in issue minus one, DEADPOOL has blonde hair. And sometimes, when his mask is off he has patches of blonde hair. In DEADPOOL & DEATH '98 he is a blonde, but in issue thirty he has long brown hair as depicted through his "memories." Then, at the end of issue thirty-one he has black hair.

Now, in order for a no-prize I have to have an explanation for why this is so and I have three: a) the reason could be that the memories are fake or other peoples memories, b) he could have used hair dye or changed his hair color, or finally, c) the artists have no respect for continuity.

Thanks and please give me a no-prize.

JON A. B.
mrpoolbded@aol

Thanks for writing, Jon. Though we must say that those memories were definitely not fake nor where they the memories of others, DEADPOOL is somewhat touchy about his hair die use, and our creators have the utmost respect for continuity and the titles they work on.

AND I'M BALD NOW -- HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY.

Deadlines,

Sorry to see you go, Mr. Kelly, but glad to see you bowing out on such a wacky note! Thanks for all the fun & laughter, & I wish you all the best in future endeavors. What can I say? It's been surreal!

I'm confident this title will be in good hands, if Mr. Priest's work on Ka-Zar & Black Panther are anything to go by - & I happen to think they are!

Thanos as romantic suitor - classic! The dialogue between 'Pool & Death was also priceless. I've always very much enjoyed black humor, & this title has had some hysterically funny, darkly humorous dialogue & action to date - a tradition I hope to see the new team build upon! Black comedy should always be very much a part of this title, no matter what other directions you choose to take the character in.

Well, here's looking forward to the next 33 issues, at least! Take care, now.

Paul M Slattery.
pms@ringstead.freeserveco.uk

Thanks for the support, Paul. We're looking forward to at least another thirty-three issues as well.

OH, SURE, AFTER ALL IT'S NOT YOUR BACKSIDE SLIDING DOWN THE SIDE OF THE CHEESE GRATER THAT MAKES THOSE NICE CHEESE STRINGS FOR SALADS.

SALAD BUTT, THAT'LL BE ME.

Anyway, as we said before, we here at Marvel are very pleased with Mr. Kelly's run on our resident loudmouthed mercenary and who knows, maybe those two will meet again in the future. As for the immediate future, hope you are enjoying the first couple of issues of Christopher Priest's journey into the mind of Deadpool. It will freak you out.

I DO HEAR VOICES, YOU KNOW. USUALLY IT'S MANTRAS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION MIXED IN WITH AN OCCASIONAL LOVE SONNET FROM SALMA HAYEK.

NEXT ISSUE:

LOKI?
THAT'S RIGHT.
IT'S CHAPTER
X (THAT'S X,
NOT TEN)
VERSE THREE
(THAT'S 3).

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BEAST CHARMING
Perenially purveying a plenitude of purty, prettified pictures to my peerless pals!
HUMBLE CONTRIBUTOR TO #THECOMICRACK
Queries? Requests? Contact me at BeastCharming@yahoo.com
Pledged to scan all series great and small...